

# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD



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## LEADING ARTICLES:

The Mysterious Island.

W. D. McCallie.

Back on the Job.

C. L. Phillips.

Korean Heathen Sunday Schools.

Paul L. Grove.

The Missionary's Visit to a Church.

Harry A. Rhodes.

The Relation of the Missionary to  
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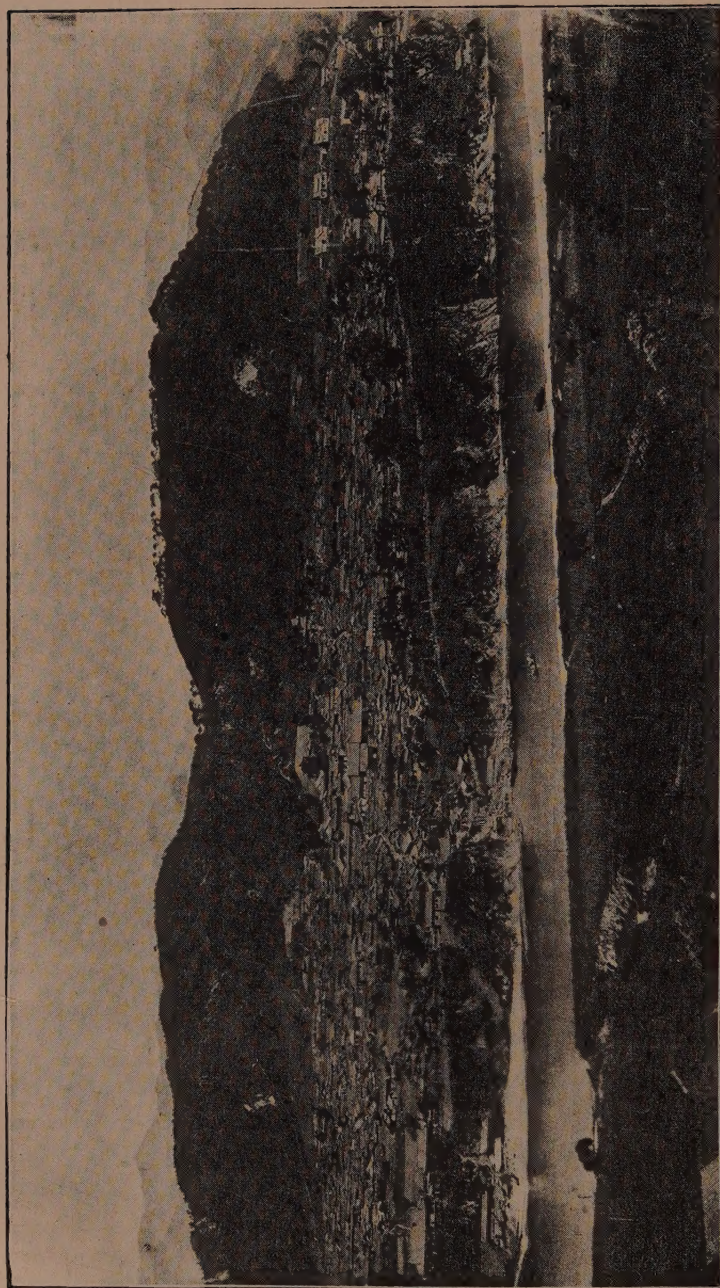
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VIEW OF KANGKEI CITY ONE OF THE STATIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSION IN NORTH KOREA.



# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

## A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

issued by the Federal Council of Evangelical Missions in Korea

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VOL. XIV.

MARCH, 1918

No. 3

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### Editorial Notes.

EVERY branch of the Christian Church "makes good" as it is faithful to the Great Commission. Our first article reveals a small group of missionaries who, came to Korea, commissioned by the Southern Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., twenty-five years ago. Reinforced from time to time by kindred spirits from the homeland this group increased in numbers. Today some are invalided in the United States, others are glorified in Heaven, while the rest still prosecute the work in Korea as of old, except that the one station has become five and the seven initial workers seventy-five and, best of all, many hundreds of natives won for the Master have been folded into Sunday Schools and Churches. How fitting that many should congregate to celebrate the Quarter Centennial of this glad, gracious enterprise which has "made good."

THE Southern Presbyterian is only one of several Missions in Korea which have labored for twenty-five years. Our second article recognizes the eminent service, for a like period, of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Noble, pioneers of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Korea, which was one of the first to be established. It is not at all unlikely that this worthy couple will complete a second quarter century of service! Mr. McCallie introduces us to Mysterious Island, which indicates that the raw material is still with us and needs to be remoulded into the likeness of Jesus Christ; and because there are fourteen millions of Koreans, very much land remains to be possessed. Mr. C. L. Phillips "back on the job" from his first furlough and reinforced by an automobile, which reduces the itinerator's time consumed in travel two-thirds, clearly indicates the easier present conditions and the swifter development of the work to be expected during the next twenty five years over those just passed.

MR. Grove's Heathen Sunday School is doubly inspiring being nearly a brand new thing. The Korean missionaries have been so absorbed in adult Bible Classes, that the Church S. S., as we know it, is a comparatively new institution in Korea. The staggering question was, till lately, "how can the untouched millions in Korea be gotten at and won for Christ?" and the answer seems to be, "through the Heathen Sunday School;" for, wave a beckoning hand or sing a song under any green tree and the swarming youngsters gather, needing then only to be held and taught. Mr. Rhodes so pleasantly takes us all to visit a single church that the experience will live with all readers forever. Most Christian parents are more thrown upon God as they confront the problem of training their children in His nurture and admonition than by



any other one thing; but Mr. Winn reveals to our readers the fact that our average itinerating missionary has on his hands and heart the problem of training in God's nurture and admonition forty Christian groups and churches scattered throughout the country, each miles apart from any other!

**S**UNDAY School at a Leper Hospital as presented by Dr. Wilson, of Kwangju, fitly caps the climax of our endeavor at "making good." That these most sorely afflicted people should be gathered into a home where they are taught to work, to read, to be contented and happy and to delight in the word of God above all things and stand an examination like the one indicated, surely must prompt us all to sing "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow" chief among all His blessings being His arrangement then, now and forever that "The lame take the prey!" Acquiring the Korean language today with the multiplied helps of grammars, teachers, conventions, and "pointers" before sailing from the home-land, is still a serious business, but not so serious but that we can enjoy Mr. Parker's humorous presentations of "shocks and shock absorbers" but it must have left no room for a joke 25 years ago when the pioneers came hither with nothing but their ears and tongues to give them entrance into the minds and hearts of this people! Who will deny that they have made good when we contemplate the brand of individual Christians and of churches they have to show us.

**F**AR to the north of us on the borders of Manchuria is a robber infested district. One evening a Korean Christian man was hasting homeward through the gloaming when suddenly a stalwart bandit confronted him with a pistol, bidding him "stand and deliver." The Korean took from his wallet five cents, and handed it to the robber saying, "I am real hungry and was tempted to buy some food at the inn a mile back, but decided to wait for food till I get home at midnight, and so save this money to contribute at the church service tomorrow morning for it is all I have." The bandit scanned the other's face a moment and then stretching out his hand said, "Here, take back your money, I do not want it." That Korean Christian certainly "made good."

**T**HE Korean Presbyterian Church prosecutes foreign mission work in China, which is beset with peculiar difficulties and perils. As in the United States General Assembly the cause of Foreign missions holds the place of largest interest, so is it in the Korean General Assembly but with this difference. In the United States it is difficult to fill the quota for foreign missionaries and also to secure men of the highest gifts; while in Korea the General Assembly has but to take its pick of men both as to quality and numbers; all in Korea, to the last man, are eager to be chosen to the post of foreign missions; the post of greatest need being considered by all the place of highest honor! Thus is the Korean Presbyterian Church "making good." When shall we expect this view of Foreign Missions to prevail throughout the churches in Christendom? Perhaps after the close of the world war! When the boys (all that is left of them) shall come marching home again, having left behind, as buried seed, the comrades who shall have paid "the last full measure of devotion;" realizing that a worthy and enduring peace is possible only as Jesus Christ is exalted in the Earth, shall highly resolve, as much as in them lies, to make "the kingdoms of this world the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ and that He shall rule forever and forever!"





# The Quarter-Centennial of the Southern Presbyterian Mission in Korea.

By H. H. UNDERWOOD.

From time to time it is good to stop a moment and look back over the way we have come, and, seeing the obstacles and difficulties which have been overcome with God's help, take new heart and faith for the future. Certainly the celebration of the Quarter-Centennial of the Southern Presbyterian Mission in Korea proved to be an inspiration to all who were privileged to hear of the work of the Lord through that arm of His service in the past twenty-five years. In a district called the granary of Korea we heard of the gathering in of the sheaves into the Lord's granary, of the gradual opening of new stations, of the devotion and zeal of those still here and of those who have finished their work here and been called on to greater work above.

The meetings opened at 7.30 P. M. on Friday, November 2nd, with one of the Pioneer Band of the mission, Dr. Reynolds, presiding; morning and afternoon sessions on Saturday followed, capped by a most charming Social Evening at 8. P. M. Sunday, Nov. 4th, just twenty-five years to a day after the arrival in Seoul of the Pioneer Band saw three of that band gathered with the whole of a large mission, a few visitors and four or five hundred Koreans in one of the large churches in Chunju City to offer praise to God for His goodness.

It would be impossible in so short a space to report in detail the interesting papers which it was the privilege of those present to hear read at this meeting. A brief mention of some of the subjects is all we can attempt but it is to be hoped that either the Mission or the KOREA MISSION FIELD will publish these interesting and valuable documents for us.

On Friday evening the program began with a poem on the "Pioneer Band of '92," Mr. and Mrs. Junkin, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and Miss Tate and Miss Davis, a picture of whom grouped in their original home inside the little West gate of Seoul, shortly after their arrival, formed the frontispiece of the program.

Dr. Reynolds then read a careful account of "How the Mission was Begun" none the less interesting from the calm and judicial tone in

which it was written. A few remarks were then made by Mr. H. H. Underwood telling of the part taken by Dr. Underwood in the opening of the mission. This was followed by fascinating accounts of the spread of the work in the opening of each new station after which Dr. Moffett spoke for a few minutes on "Reminiscences of Pioneer Days."

On Nov. 3rd, each branch of the work was taken up and its history detailed, forming a series, most interesting for the present and most valuable for the future. In addition to these papers Congratulations were received from the Vice-Governor of the Province and from representatives of Chulla Presbytery who presented an embroidered banner and also brought one from the Theological students of that presbytery. Dr. Avison, President of the Chosen Christian College and of the Severance Union Medical College spoke most interestingly, as did Mr. Hugh Miller of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In the afternoon a service more glorious than sad was formed by hearing of the part played by those, nine in all, who had worked and endured on the field to the end, for them the beginning.

Time fails us to tell of the charms of the Social evening; let those who know the Southern Presbyterian Mission give their imagination free rein; it cannot exaggerate.

Sunday morning at 11 A. M. saw the beginning of a long but most interesting native service in the West Gate Church at which addresses were made by many of the leading native pastors, several of whom had been baptized, ordained first as elders and later as ministers by one of the Pioneer Band who stood on the platform with them, the sower and the harvest together.

At 4 P. M. Mr. Newland preached a most helpful sermon to the assembled missionaries and all partook of the Communion, thus fittingly closing the celebration of the twenty-five years of usefulness with which this Mission has been blessed and looking forward to still greater blessings in the future.



# Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Noble's Twenty Five Years of Service in Korea.

By C. D. MORRIS.

It would be interesting to inquire just what has led each missionary to the particular field where he is laboring. We could learn that one had received a distinct impression that he was called to a certain part of the world, another had not such an impression but offered his service for where his Church believed he could render the best service. We would however discover that a large number had reached their destination through contact with some old friend or schoolmate who had preceded them. I once heard Dr. Noble say that he was led to Korea through his relation with a dear old friend and fellow worker in New York City Missions, the late Dr. W. James Hall. The impression made by that saintly man on Dr. Noble, while still a student, made it a natural thing for him to follow Dr. Hall to Korea.

For the last twenty five years much of the history of the Methodist Episcopal Mission centers around the labors of the Rev. W. A. Noble. He has had a genius for pioneer work, and with a large faith he staked out liberally for his Church, expecting that she would adequately care for what he regarded as her fair portion. At a reception given in Seoul to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Noble in Korea it was brought out by one of the speakers that at one time or another Dr. Noble had been officially connected with Methodist Episcopal work in almost every part of Korea where a Methodist Church has been planted.

Loyalty to the work of his own Church has not prevented him from doing his part in the great interdenominational interests that are so vital to the building up of the Church in the mission field. He has always been ready to serve in any way that made for the advancement of the common cause.

No word about Dr. Noble would be complete without reference to his unselfishness in serving others. Neither personal inconvenience nor danger has ever deterred him when he felt that there was a service that he could render. To some of us this is one of his outstanding traits. If the names of all who have been his debtors for unselfish service were written down the list would have to be a very long one.

During all the twenty-five years Mrs. Noble has been equally devoted and enthusiastic in every good work. During the early years of their residence in Korea Mrs. Noble was very delicate, and it was thought that her life in Korea would be of short duration, but with firm determination Mrs. Noble set out to get well, and has not only lived in Korea, but has done a work that any person might well envy. We can see no reason why they will not be in Korea twenty-five years hence, and in behalf of their many friends we express the earnest hope that twenty-five years more will find them both with us, hale and hearty, loved and honored by all for the service so efficiently and lovingly given.

## The Mysterious Island.

BY REV. W. D. McCALLIE.

Mokpo, beside the sea, is peculiar. When standing on the hill seven hundred feet high which is back of the port and looking sea-ward instead of beholding the billowy expanse of ocean, we see mountains, mountains, mountains with here and there expanses of water so

placed that one cannot distinguish island from mainland. It looks as if a mighty flood had inundated the country leaving only high-lands visible above the waste of waters. A more beautiful sight could hardly be imagined, for there is an infinite variety of light and of color



while the innumerable islands suggest a chain of green emeralds on the fair bosom of the sea.

If you stand with me on a high mountain thirty five miles west of Mokpo and gaze toward China and Japan even then our vision is obstructed by islands which seem like sentinels along the western horizon. If we could fly to the peak of that dark mountain which seems to stand at the jumping-off place, still we would see islands which furnish homes and a support to people. Of these last discerned lands let us visit the one most dimly seen.

This is the large island of Kogu-Do whose steep sides and lofty top are covered with a luxurious growth of hard wood and evergreen. There are no level fields but everywhere between the rocks are found patches of cultivated ground, some of them being too small to lie down upon. Fishing and the gathering of a large variety of marine products furnish the chief occupation and support of the thousand, or so, of a population. The rock-bound coast without a harbor renders landing difficult and dangerous so that, sometimes, it is impossible to land travellers from a steamer. My first visit to this island was made in a cumbersome Korean junk, and though the weather was favorable six skilled rowers working with might and main, with difficulty brought us through the surf to the shore.

That night the wind increased and the surf arose so that boats could no longer be left at anchor. At day-break I was startled out of sleep by fearful yells which sounded as if savages might be preparing a cannibal feast. All fears were allayed on my being told that it was simply the boatmen of the dozen junks at anchor, calling out the villagers to come and help haul their junks high up the gravel bank above the surf. No wages are paid for such assistance but unlimited quantities of wine, tobacco and other delicacies (?) are freely served to the men, women and children who turn out and I was about to say to the dogs, too, as they are ubiquitous in Korea, but there are no dogs on this island, one of whose sayings is "dogs' barking prevents fishes' biting."

To land the boats a log skid-way has been prepared and great strong grass ropes are fastened to the further end of the boat and are also passed around the boat—and then fifty people pull at a rope on either side of the boat, which thus is made to back up out of the water and along the skidway to the shore. But before anything is done everybody proceeds to get merrily drunk. Though many became drunk as lords I never saw a better natured crowd even to a foreigner, the first whom many had ever seen. Not only were boys allowed to drink but I even saw one woman feeding it to an unweaned infant. More noise than effort accompanied the boat-pulling. The first boats came up on the run but speed slackened with the rotations until the last boat was landed slowly and with great effort. I did my "bit" though without the help of the "fire water." When the job was finished there was scarcely a sober man left in the village, so that we had little success in preaching that day. We thought we would have been the first to preach the Gospel to this people, but immediately on landing a man came hobbling up on a stick and with beaming face informed us that his life had been saved in the hospital at Mokpo. I trust his soul was saved, too. This is another of the many cases where the hospital prepares the way for the evangelist and our hospital influence extends to the remotest regions.

We visited two other and smaller villages one of which was most picturesquely perched on a cliff hundreds of feet above the sea. The path down to the sea is almost straight up and down, and in places one has to turn one's face toward the cliff to prevent becoming dizzy. Hands as well as feet are required, but the native women clamber up and down like goats in spite of carrying heavy loads upon their heads.

Because there is no beach and no landing place, but only boulders large and small with swirling, foaming water between, these people have hauled their junks, weighing from five to ten tons, up and up to a height of thirty feet and across chasms till they safely rest in a narrow



canyon. From the boats on top one can look down thirty feet at the turbulent water below. From the bottom it was indeed a strange sight, looking up, to see these boats high above one's head, and it was exciting to see them skidded down over the skidways into the sea.

Another strange sight was the bands of women divers from Quelpart who are so expert in diving and swimming that they seem more like fish than human beings, especially as they wear goggles which aid sight under water. On one boat, under thirty feet long, were about twenty women, as many babies, and three or four men, who do the rowing and reap most of the profit.

I was told that no real marriage relation exists here. Because of their out-door life the women looked like healthy animals and more strong and robust than the men. They had a queer dialect all their own but we could and did preach to the men. There were no horses or cows in this island the roads being impassible for them. In going from one village to another we went up and up and still up into the clouds so dense one could scarce follow his nose and so damp and cold, though it was June. Then we dropped down again as if out of a balloon. One road passage was enough for me and I insisted on returning by boat around the coast.

## "Back on the Job."

By C. L. PHILLIPS.

During October and November I have had a very interesting trip of 37 days up through the mountains of the northern territory. It was sometime in October, after I had left my folks behind in Pyengyang and had crossed over the "High as the Sun" Pass into Tukchyun county that I realized for the first time since last June that I was really back in Korea again. We had been back from furlo almost five months but being in Pyengyang is not so different from being in America, now that we are used to it. There we have our good home and all our many white friends. We have the Ford and during the summer we rambled around in it just as we did last spring in California. I had taken several trips in the car to the country, but all this was only play. It was more like a dream driving to the country in the Ford. I woke up in the mountains up there behind those great barriers which separate Tukchyun and Yungwon from this lower Pyengyang territory. I had been out about ten days and I woke up one morning with a real "streak of yellow" in me. The man Dan Crawford who first coined the phrase, "Thinking Black" knew what he was talking about. Out here we "Think yellow." When I am in Pyengyang I dress white, and live white, or try to anyway,

and eat white and talk white a good deal, and cannot help but do most of my thinking in white. But here I am up in the far off mountains a hundred miles from home. The nearest white man is 75 miles away. I am eating Korean, talking Korean, acting Korean, and after a few days I get to thinking Korean. My helper told me one morning that he heard me talking in my sleep the night before. He said I was talking to an old farmer and asking him how his crops were. Evidently I had been dreaming yellow. As I go along the road I am thinking about the work that lies ahead, the people I am to meet, the evening service, the problems to be worked out and somehow the thinking usually comes in Korean. English is apparently forgotten. I really got back to Korea on this trip.

At first I found it hard to fall in line. A furlo is a great help to a missionary but it certainly does unfit him for his first long trip into the country. I had itinerated considerably in America but that isn't good training for a missionary in Korea. In the homeland I always rode in ease on the train or in some luxurious Ford. I always met congenial friends. At night I slept peacefully in a soft white bed in the guest room. I ate food that reminded me of



Mother's pantry shelf. But how different is itinerating in Korea! Just back from furlo on his first long trip one gets an awful jar. Taking all your living and carting it around in the dust and dirt from place to place on the back of a packpony and having to sleep at night among the vermin in rooms where sometimes you would gladly exchange your bed for a place on the hay beside the cows in the stable back on the old farm—all this at first is very noticeably uncomfortable and disagreeable. Before I went home on furlo I got used to these things and never noticed them. Then came the year of being spoiled, and now I have had to begin all over. The first night that I was in the country I dreamed about the war. And then I woke up to find that I was really being attacked by a whole regiment of infantry, supported by two units of the flying corps. I rose up and lit my candle and smote the enemy and scattered some good sulphurous powder all over the war zone which caused him to retire for a while. But later in the night there were counter attacks, and I slept little. I wished I was home in good America again. Yes, the furlo spoils the missionary. After he comes back, the smells of the country penetrate deeper, the vermin bite harder, the mountain paths are rougher, and the customs of the people seem more jarring to him.

For example there is the lack of order and propriety here. After one has been in America and has spoken in churches where the order of service is dignified and where people sit in front of you listening attentively with absolutely nothing to distract from the preacher, one gets a decided shock to go to the country, and on a Sunday morning while he is preaching, having finished the introduction to his sermon and launched courageously out into paragraph 1, section 2, of his discourse, with everybody quiet and listening, to have some late coming farmer pop through the door and march up in front of the pulpit and greet the preaching pastor after this fashion: "Nim Moksa, chinji chapsesimnaika?" which means, "Most honorable Preacher, have you had your

breakfast?" Of course he knows you are up and dressed and have had your breakfast or you wouldn't be standing there, but that's his way of greeting. We have asked him not to do this way in church, but he will "revert to type" now and then.

But nevertheless how glad I am to be back in Korea again! Wait a minute though, till I catch that pesky flea. He has been bothering me for a long while as I sit here on the floor of a Korean house writing this letter, and he makes me less glad. But there, he's gone now, and I'm really glad again to be back in Korea. I thank the Mission and the Board for letting me go home a little earlier than our appointed time. I went home, for some reason "all in," but I had a good furlo and have come back to the work now in renewed health and strength, and mighty glad to be able to go my rounds again among these mountain people. Being a "mountaineer" myself I am one of them and I like them. I have never enjoyed work better than I have this Fall.

The churches up in the North I found in as good condition as struggling little mountain groups could be. Under the competent and enthusiastic oversight of Mr. Blair the churches had been well cared for during my absence. The furlo did me good and I am sure it did the churches a great deal of good to have a change of pastors for one year. Up in the mountains of course there is a great deal to discourage. From a human standpoint one doubts whether these churches will ever grow to the self-supporting and prosperous stage or whether some of them can ever exist at all in these complicating and temptation-bringing times. Yet God is giving us many assurances that He is leading His people up here. There is much to be grateful for among these mountain folks. There is still an evangelistic spirit among the men. In the little officers' conference in Maingsan we took a "preaching collection," and a total of 31 weeks of preaching were given by a few men to the Lord. This means that each man made a promise to go a certain number of days to a certain place and do nothing but



preach and distribute tracts and try to bring at least one man to Christ. This is a plan being used elsewhere in Korea, and by following this plan in the past several new groups of Christians have already been started up there in the mountains. As a whole I believe the people of the far off mountains are more zealous and more consecrated in witnessing for Christ than are the older Christians about the city of Pyongyang. My experience with both classes leads me to think that the city folks are getting more and more engrossed in business and in

the affairs of this life and are spending less time trying to win souls for Christ. But I have been rejoiced to find this Fall a good and true spirit of evangelism among these mountain Christians, which has not waned a bit during the last 6 or 7 years of my acquaintance with them. I appreciate all of Mr. Blair's efforts along this line, both when we worked there together and this time during my absence. There are faithful men and good women up there who are earnestly working with God and we praise Him for these faithful few.

## Korean Heathen Sunday Schools.

By PAUL L. GROVE.

This title may cause purists in the language to break forth in smiles. It seems a contradiction in terms. You might as well say a white piece of dirt as a HEATHEN Sunday School. And yet I dare to maintain that the term is not such a misnomer after all, but an expression that is as unavoidable as it is pertinent and characteristic. For how else can one describe a Sunday School made up of a mass of half-naked, wriggling, noisy boys and girls, nine-tenths of whose parents are heathen? To call such an aggregation by any less paradoxical a name, would be putting a false color on an already highly colored and dramatic scene, such as I witnessed this morning, for instance.

Passing by our large brick Central Church of Haiju City, where already over 300 urchins were congregating for Sunday School, I wended my way outside the West Gate to have a "look-see" at our new little Church and Sunday School, a recent venture. As I rounded the corner, I spied two of our young Korean men coming down the street, blowing their cornets and leading a motly array of raggedy youngsters in all states of dress and undress. Stopping at a near corner, they sent forth the peals of "What a Friend we have in Jesus" out in several directions and over the low, thatched houses and down the narrow alleys. It drew a few more children. Proceeding farther on to the bridge which spans the open

sewer of the city, they played "Stand up for Jesus," while great crowds of adults as well as children, gathered around—we quite filled the bridge. We even blocked the traffic, which is no serious crime in this slow-moving country. A man on a bicycle, in neat, clean clothes, bore down on us with his bell ringing fortissimo. We made way for him gladly for he too was on the King's Business, being none other than head teacher of the Girl's School, out on his way to a country church he had lately adopted and which he was faithfully mothering from Sunday to Sunday. After he leaves, we close up the gap, play some more, urge the children to follow us, and then striking up, "Bringing in the sheaves," with loud blasts the way is led to the little, modest white-washed edifice, out on the edge of the town, where the "sheaves" are gathered in with "rejoicing."

My heart goes out to these two young men, both of them consecrated, and one of them doing lay work. The latter, in his enthusiasm to make the most of his opportunity, has turned about and walking backwards, sends his notes to the rear, while the former still trains his guns upon the front. The one walking backwards is hard put to it, to keep his footing, but nothing daunted he keeps his eye upon those urchins whose courage is failing, and by means of grimaces invites them to follow on.



This being still too ineffective, he ceases playing occasionally to go back and catch hold of some who are slinking away in side-lanes. Such thoroughness I have never seen surpassed by even the Salvation Army.

I wish my readers could enter that low and humble edifice with me. The devoted, young Korean lady-teacher, is already at her post, teaching ten or fifteen little girls, early-comers, the Lord's Prayer. "Hanari, kaysin, uri Abaji," she says over and over again, a phrase at a time, while they follow her words and even her gestures. I have found a place on the door-sill, from where I watch the boys tumbling through another door into their own sideroom. Such irrepressible enthusiasm! Here comes a boy with a Japanese baby strapped to his back; he seems to be a hired nurse, looking for something new under the sun. Another lad makes a wild leap through the doorway, landing on the head of a companion who was about to accomplish his stealthy design of pulling the ear of the lad beside him. There is an immediate scuffle with three main participants. In back of me squeezes in a little girl, with a child upon her back, who looks only two years older than her burden. The little baby is nevertheless content, eating away at some corn on the cob, most likely not even boiled. Another baby comes toddling along, closely followed by an elder sister. This dirty little imp is in possession of a huge cucumber, already half eaten, skin and all. Many other nurses stagger in under their human freight. Such pandemonium! Such a riot! But order prevails when the young man finally begins to take things in hand. For lack of a little desk bell, as most Sunday Schools have, he claps his hands twice. This is the signal to arise. New-comers, being ignorant of its significance, are yanked to their feet with sudden rudeness by their nearest neighbors, who are grateful for this opportunity of letting off a bit of pent-up steam. The teacher claps his hands again. This is the signal for silent prayer. Heads are bowed and there is a silence,—of a sort, for being a Heathen Sunday School, you cannot

expect too much. Another series of hand claps and the school is seated with a crash. Those boys! How human! How American! How just like myself in those exuberant young days over 25 years ago. Only one teacher for 30 heathen boys and one other for 35 heathen girls. The wonder is, that any semblance of order could be maintained at all.

Well, to speak of the lesson,—it was great. The subject happened to be "The Riot at Ephesus." I could not restrain a smile at the coincidence, for that riot in old Ephesus had its counterpart right before my eyes. But the two teachers, loyal and patient, when it came to turning the guns on those citizens of Ephesus and the crew that turned the populace against St. Paul, let forth with a bang and a blaze that amused me about as much as did the enthusiasm of the children. Those silversmiths who were after the cash, and were deceiving the people with their hand-made idols, never knew how in coming generations even people in the midst of heathenism, would hold them up to scorn and ridicule. The children's eyes popped out with joy and wonder. Sarcasm, ridicule, hot and lavic, covered the very streets of Ephesus on that Sabbath morning.

But you should have heard the Review Questions, as presided over by the third teacher, the Superintendent, if you please, who always takes these Review Questions in dead earnest.

"Children, is there any God beside Jehovah?" he asks. "No," was the answering shout. "How about the people who worship idols?" is his next question. "They are ignorant and crazy," answers an older boy. "Who are the most deluded people in Korea?" is asked. "Those who spit before the trees and throw a stone to the tree-spirits," says a girl, with some giggling. Everyone laughs. Now comes a poser, for children who are taught filial obedience and reverence from the cradle up. "How about ancestral sacrifice and worship of our forebears?" After a brief pause, an older boy says, "altogether foolish business," as it would be literally translated. "Why?" persists the teach-



er." "Because our ancestors, being dead, are in God's hands, and can neither hear nor help us." I am astounded! Surely heathenism is being dealt death-blows when these urchins will dare to come out with such bold statements, involving their parents. And so it goes on. Hopeful is this, say I. Hopeful for Korea, when these growing children are turned away from idolatry to the one true God, from darkness to the Light of the World.

Then came the distribution of prizes, all of these consisting of picture postcards from America. Alas, they are too few. How well we could use thousands of them. Loyal friends have been sending us their entire collections, but we need more friends. In our great drive last year, when we started thirty new children's Sunday Schools, in a territory not as large as

the ordinary American County, we were handicapped to a pitiful degree by constant exhaustion of our little stock of picture cards. The four cornets, sent by a kind friend, are all in active service. One kind friend has gone further, and is supporting a worker at his own expense, who travels the District in behalf of Sunday Schools. Everywhere the children are lifting their heads out of the darkness into the light. Eager, questioning, wondering, believing. Shall we not clear the way for them into the kingdom? Shall we not at least pray for the many unpaid workers, who toil every Sabbath day, in the many Sunday Schools throughout this District, that their efforts may be blessed with sheaves on that final day, when God has His reckoning with the adults of all mankind?

## The Missionary's Visit to a Church What is the Best way?

By HARRY A. RHODES.

This is a subject well worth discussing in mission circles. Probably more than seventy per cent of our ordained missionaries in Chosen are engaged in this kind of work. It is routine work and one may easily get into ruts and become perfunctory. Day after day for weeks and at intervals throughout the year, going through the same round of examinations, officers' meetings and services each day is not conducive to maintaining a lively interest and one may easily become careless in the administration of spiritual things. We ought to be able to help each other to better ways and to a quickening interest in our work, for after all, it is very important to know how best to represent Christ among a group of Christians in a 12 to 18 hour stay with them. What I have to offer on this subject is probably not the best way. But it is the only way I know as the result of eight years' experience in itinerating during the first months of which it was my privilege to take lessons from older mis-

sionaries with whom I was associated. If others will express themselves on this subject this effort of mine will be worth while. Surely the members of six different Missions in Chosen can furnish a variety of valuable suggestions on this very important phase of our missionary work.

In the first place I try to be particular in sending out announcements; not only to state the time of our arrival but to ask the officers of each Church to instruct beforehand those that are to be examined. The officers should make all necessary preparation, be on hand early themselves and have the Christians so far as possible make it a special day in their midst. A good deal has been written recently by missionaries in Chosen as to the best means of travel in itinerating. I might offer a contribution on that subject also. Of course much depends upon the character of the territory in which the itinerating is to be done; condition of roads, time of year, etc., and something depends upon



the temperament and physical condition of the one who is to do the itinerating. To sum up however I would say that one should use the means of travel that will best insure his arrival in any kind of weather, on the day that he is announced and with the least physical strain upon himself. Something is to be said on the saving of time and expense but more important than these is his getting there in good time and in the best possible shape physically, mentally and spiritually for the work that he is to do. The means of travel used should be such as will allow him to take along enough baggage for his comfort including books, writing materials, tracts, reports, etc., that will enable him to spend his time to the best advantage both for himself and for the Churches.

Upon arrival I almost invariably begin with the officers' meeting—with the Session if there is one, and if not then with a meeting of whatever officers the Church has. In this meeting the membership roll (baptized and catechumens) is gone over, questions are asked about those to be examined and always with the record of their Sunday attendance at hand; cases of discipline are discussed. Church letters received and to be sent are made note of, the election of new officers for the ensuing year is provided for, the evening service is planned, etc. If this method is followed the missionary at once gets a view of the situation, and the afternoon and evening's work can be mapped out accordingly. Those who are to appear before the Session can be notified, the evening sermon can be selected with a view to the needs of the group, something is known in advance about those to be examined, and time is saved by not examining those who are disqualified for one reason or another.

I give a good deal of attention to making up the list of those who are to be examined for baptism. My experience is teaching me to make haste slowly in the matter of baptizing. Spiritual fitness and knowledge are the two important tests, but aside from these there are often disqualifying circumstances. I find that most women under fifty years of age will

learn to read if they have to wait for baptism and, unless there are special mitigating circumstances, I let them wait. In the case of a young man or woman from a home not thoroughly Christian, it is better to wait until after marriage although the young person in question may give every evidence of being in earnest and be willing to make all kinds of promises. I had a case of a young woman whose non-Christian father made promises unto her and yet she was married to a non-Christian within a year after baptism. While I do not believe in legalism yet if the Sunday record of candidates for examination is not the best, it is wise to postpone. Often the Korean Church officers will urge the examination of those who are not quite ready; not with the idea of receiving them but for the good the examination will do those examined. But my experience along this line is not very reassuring; often harm seems to result. To be examined and fail is to lose face which those not thoroughly in earnest cannot stand. However, I do exhort some who are kept waiting but they understand it is not an examination. During examinations I like to have the helper and at least some of the Church officers present and I always give them an opportunity to ask questions. They know the home life of the candidates in a way the missionary cannot know and they can ask questions accordingly. Also if the Church officers are present they can learn what is expected of those being examined and thus can the better prepare future candidates. In examinations for both the catechumenate and baptism I ask questions on the following subjects—prayer, Bible reading, Sunday observance, preaching to unbelievers, knowledge of sin. I make distinction between the two classes as follows; those examined for the catechumenate are asked as to their knowledge of Jesus, plan of salvation, severance from non-Christian practices, time of believing, number in the family, number believing, etc.; those examined for baptism are asked in particular as to the meaning of baptism and the Lord's supper. One missionary suggests that men and



women should be asked how many times they have been married else you may be baptizing grass widows, men who have deserted their families, women who have five husbands living, etc. With the loose marriage laws that we have in Chosen, this probably is a wise question to ask. Korean Christians have world wide fame and an enviable reputation for attendance at Bible Classes, church going, family worship, preaching to non-believers. In spite of this however I find that the average Korean Christian of a few years standing has not read much of the Bible and then only here and there with no thought as to purpose or order. Generally those examined will say they are great sinners; but when it comes to specifying what sins they commit they are unable to do so, which leads me to believe that up to the time of baptism the average Christian's sense of sin is not keen.

As to the evening service I try to make it as interesting and as short as possible, for at best it is often too long, and because of examinations and conferences it is often too late in beginning. Much can be gained by having everything ready—seating, lights, ventilation. The order of service is usually as follows:—singing Scripture, receiving of catechumens, baptism of adults, baptism of children, announcement of suspensions (if any), prayer, singing, sermon, prayer, singing, Scripture on the Lord's Supper, prayer of consecration, administration of the elements, prayer, singing, announcement of new officers and elections if necessary, singing, benediction. If the visit to the Church is made on Sunday I like to get the elections off after the Sunday School service in the morning, keeping the reception of catechumens, baptisms, and the administration of the Lord's supper for the afternoon service. Very often the Korean Church officers will want to do away with the Sunday School and have a regular preaching service but I always avoid this if possible as I believe the Sunday School service is too important to miss, and besides it gives the missionary a chance to suggest methods of improvement in the Sunday School. Invariably I have

the helper and generally the elders take some part in each service. Usually I have the helper receive the catechumens and make the prayer following baptisms. In administering baptism I have those who are to be baptized remain standing without removing their hats and *sugan* (women's head dress). This is contrary to the usual custom among missionaries in Chosen I know, but I like it better. It is more dignified and solemn; it affords a more natural approach to the one to be baptized and avoids the confusion of falling hair and the loud exhortations from the audience to those being baptized to remove their head dress. It may only be sentiment but I feel that the touch of the hand with water to the forehead (or temples) is the most realistic way in which the Minister can represent Christ in baptism whose touch meant healing of both body and soul. In baptizing I pronounce the given name only. The giving of names to women Christians is such a unique feature of our work in Chosen and the ease with which Koreans change their names is so annoying that I like to emphasize the given name in baptism. I think we ought to frown upon the changing of names after baptism because they get married, or grow up, or move to Manchuria.

In the administration of the Lord's Supper it is always better to have the elements, plates, cups, etc., provided by the Koreans. It is not always possible however in a small country church. The use of the missionary's enamel cups and plates and the taste of wheat bread is a novelty and detracts from the spiritual participation in this solemn feast of commemoration. Because of the way the Koreans sit on the floor in no particular order I very frequently begin to distribute the elements in the rear. This allows the communicant to be undisturbed in meditation and prayer after partaking. But if you begin in front you must climb over and between those who have just participated in order to reach those in the rear. For the same reason if the communicants sit on benches or chairs close up to the wall or curtain the one on the inside should be served



first. After the service is over I myself see to the disposing of what remains of the bread and wine. Koreans are curious and not all have learned to deal sacredly in such matters. I do not like to follow the Lord's supper with elections but often on a week day evening it is necessary to do so. Usually it is an election of deacons. Even if there are no higher officers in the Church I prefer not to ask the former deacons to pass the ballots since their re-election is at stake. I record the vote myself in my note book.

As to record books I keep several—one book each for the examinations for the catechumens and baptism. In these books some mark is made opposite the headings under which they are catechised. I do not always ask all the ques-

tions indicated. These books I leave as station property so that at any time through the years to come the day and date of any that I have baptized or received as catechumens can be verified. In addition I have a note book in which I record cases of discipline, appointment and election of officers and things of special interest. This book I keep as memoranda for reference. It is of use when home on furlough and more accurate than trusting to memory. I can furnish historical data for any Church during the time that I was its acting pastor. The missionary's visit to a Church is in the first place official; at the same time it ought to include instruction in the Word, and in addition it may be pastoral, evangelistic, and social as time and opportunity afford.

## The Relation of the Missionary to Unorganized Churches.

By R. E. WINN.

The situation of one ordained pastor in charge of a dozen, twenty, forty, or even fifty churches is new both to the experience and observation of most of us when we land on the foreign field. At first we are overwhelmed with the thought of the responsibility and the burden that such a charge must entail. But under stress of the growing work and the scarcity of workers in this land of remarkable mission progress, gradually we ordained men come to accept an increasing number of country groups as a perfectly natural outcome of our progress in acquiring the language and as a necessity in meeting the exigencies of the work.

But it is well for us to keep in mind that this is an abnormal situation, and it is the purpose of this paper to consider what is our proper relation toward these numerous groups while they are under our care.

We are here on the field for life. Few missionaries have any thought of spending only a few years in this field and then moving on to a different or larger work, as do most ministers

at home. It means the surrender of fond hopes and a keen disappointment for almost any missionary who, for health or other reasons, is compelled to leave the work. And so this very purpose of "enlistment for life" may misguide us into a somewhat distorted opinion of the permanence and importance of our position. We are not the ideal or permanent pastors of these churches. We are but fore-runners, "blazing the trail," or filling the gap while the Korean pastors are being raised up and the churches are growing strong enough and are being trained to receive and support them.

Right here then, appear two phases of our duty as pastors of these churches. One is, keeping always the ideal fresh in our own minds, we should endeavor to set before the churches the ideal and instil in their minds the desire to attain to full growth and call a native pastor. If we are content to let them remain in a low-ebbed, dependent condition most of the groups here in Southern Korea seem willing to do so. To inspire them to



move upward to the dignity of real churches is a duty that probably many of us have largely neglected. We may either repress them with a display of authority until they rebel and call a native pastor to get rid of a foreigner's control, or we may let them drag along from year to year with no purpose or aim toward a higher destiny. But surely either condition is to be lamented.

Secondly we should constantly have as one of our aims in the work of church oversight the preparation of each church for its future relationship to its own native pastor, however far distant in the future that may seem. This preparation may properly involve several aspects.

The people must become well grounded in the truth—a people devoted to Bible study and taking delight in every Bible Class or other opportunity for study of the Word. A congregation that is indifferent to the study of the Bible cannot be spiritual and a lack of spirituality increases the differences that often arise between pastor and people and make them more difficult to harmonize. But if, on the other hand, it "rejoices in the truth" a native pastor can preach and teach the Word there with profit and acceptance.

The people should also be trained to individual and social purity and to a high moral standard. No congregation that has not been purified from all the grosser forms of sin, such as drinking, Sabbath-breaking, sacrificing and quarreling is ready to call a pastor. One might argue that a foreigner could not know the actual lives of the people or root out all these sins as well as the native pastor who would be able to get into closer touch with those of his own race. While there may be considerable truth in the idea of closer relationship between native pastor and people it stands to reason he would have to be an exceptionally strong and able Korean to take hold of a church full of such faults and thoroughly cleanse it. The chances are the average man would either give up the task in despair or else go at the cleaning process with such a venge-

ance and lack of tact that he would lose his job. The foreigner is in no danger of losing his salary even though a whole congregation may become disgruntled, hence it is far easier for him to do the rooting out. But aside from expediency one can surely argue from general principles that no church can properly be considered a fullgrown church ready for a native pastor until known abuses have been corrected as far as possible.

Furthermore, the foreign pastor should aim to train his people to respect Church rules and honor Church officers. The Oriental, as a rule, has no inborn respect for laws and regulations. They are made to be obeyed only so far as they coincide with his own desires. On every hand we find laws and rules broken without compunction where personal convenience dictates. This "mind," which so lightly regards law, must be changed and the people taught that rules must be obeyed by one and all no matter how great the cost of obedience, if there is to come a self-governing church and a loyal, law-abiding people out of the present disorder. It seems to me therefore that one of our chief duties is to teach our Christians, whether in organized or unorganized churches, that every congregation is under the jurisdiction of the various courts of the Church and that Pastors and Elders are the rightfully constituted authorities for enforcing Church rules and God's commands and for maintaining order, peace and purity in the Church.

We, as pastors, must not allow leaders or minor Church officers to think they have the right to drop the name of any baptized person or any Catechumen from the Church roll. We must teach them that once a person is enrolled in either of the two classes of membership he is subject to pastoral or sessional action. The writer has had experience where just that thing has been done either in ignorance of Church rules or deliberately with the veiled purpose of reducing the reported number of adherents and thus, responsibility for Helper's salary, the excuse offered being the poor

attendance of those who have been dropped. If on the other hand, we as foreign pastors are careless about disciplining and take no account of numerous backsliders we will likely lose the regard of our people and fail in this very important matter of training the Church to be law-abiding and to have respect for her officers.

The above phase of training would seem to be one of repression, but there is also one of expression that should be mentioned. The people should be urged to use their liberty" not as a cloak of maliciousness," as Peter says, but in all legitimate ways. Many churches are too dependent, too subservient. The people should be taught to use their judgment in choosing their officers—under proper supervision. They should be encouraged to express their opinion on various matters that concern the congregation or all churches in a circuit. Such exercise of liberty is only part of the process of becoming a self-governing Church.

The missionary must also educate his people in unorganized groups in the art of giving. The people have to be taught the reason for and the necessity of giving. They have to be instructed until they grasp the idea of stewardship, so new to their mode of thought. Perhaps many of us have been going at the matter from the wrong end: urging and begging the Churches to give more for the Helper's salary or other specific cause instead of exhorting them to dedicate a definite portion of their means to the Lord. We have talked ourselves hoarse, streaked our hair with gray, and finally in impotence handed over Mission money to make up the balance of the required salary. Sometimes in the midst of hours of effort to raise what seems in our eyes a paltry sum we are sorely tempted to shove our hands in our pockets and give the money ourselves—which would be a hundred times less wearing on our nerves! Or else in despair and disgust we have longed to throw the whole financial business away from us and have nothing to do with the money matters of the Church.

But we cannot free ourselves from this responsibility—it is a part of our sacred duty to these people. We must patiently teach them the joy and privilege as well as the necessity of giving to the Lord's work. We must lead them gradually to undertake more financial responsibility. We must insist, with Malachi, that they have robbed God in tithes and offerings. We must urge them to try the Lord and see if he will not pour out His blessing upon those who are willing to restore to Him His portion.

And we should seek to cast out the fear that by giving liberally they will lack bread for their own families, and in its place instil the true faith to give themselves and their all to Him, trusting Him to sustain them.

Now I believe we missionaries have a solemn responsibility to train every congregation in this matter of giving before the native pastor takes charge. And incidentally we must drill the people to meet their pledges and pay all bills promptly. There is almost uniform laxity among our churches in this respect. People get behind in their pledges and often, though money or its equivalent is on hand, church officers have failed to pay salaries or other items until long over due. We must come down with a stern hand upon such sinful carelessness, so that when a native pastor is installed he may not have to beg for his own salary every month.

One of the most shameful things about many of our churches in the homelands is their financial inefficiency—haphazard methods of raising money and disgraceful carelessness in paying the pastor's salary and other bills on time. Let us see to it that we educate, during her childhood, each church under our care in these vital matters of Bible study, purity, respect for rules, and financial responsibility. We will, by so doing, lift a great burden from the native pastor later.



# Sunday School at the Leper Hospital.

## Results of Examinations.

By R. M. WILSON, M. D.

Does your Sunday School hold examinations at the end of each year? We have this most effective plan for getting the pupils to study.

In our local church school, examinations were held the last day in the year upon the year's work and two one dollar watches were given to the boy and girl making the highest grade. Thirteen Bibles were also given to the ones making the highest grade in the different classes.

On the same day each of the 29 classes of the leper Sunday School were given examinations and a leather bound Bible was given to the one in each class, making the best grade. The advanced Bible class was given the following questions. 1. What books did Luke write? 2. What were Christ's last words to his disciples? 3. How will Christ return to earth? 4. How many apostles were there and who were the last two added? 5. What was necessary to have been an apostle? 6. How many believed after hearing Peter's great sermon, and how many a few days after this? 7. Who said "Silver and gold have I none but such as I have, give I thee?" 8. What 'Ananiases' are named in Acts? 9. Why were deacons first elected in the early Church? 10. Tell what you can of Gamaliel. 11. What effect did Stephen's death have on the Church? 12. After Paul's conversion where did he go and how long did he remain? 13. Who was Dorcas? 14. For what special cause did the church at Antioch take a collection? 15. What Herods are mentioned in Acts? 16. Name the points Paul touched on his first missionary journey? 17. Who was with Paul on his second journey? 18. Who was the first to believe in Europe? 19. What can you tell of the city and people of Athens? 20. What do you know of the Christians of Berea?

On these questions, five made a hundred, one 98, two 97, four 95, only three made less than

ninety, and one less than 80. The five making a hundred were given a second examination on the following questions. 1. Before Paul and Barnebas started on their first missionary journey what did the brethren at Jerusalem do to prepare them? 2. Why do you think Luke wrote Acts? 3. Where did Luke join Paul on his second journey? 4. After Paul's first journey what problem did he go to Jerusalem to discuss? 5. What special event took place at Troas? 6. What was the belief of the brethren at Ephesus when Paul first went there? 7. How did Paul and also the chief captain become Roman citizens? 8. To whom did Ananias and Sapphira lie? 9. Name the prophets and teachers at Antioch. 10. What did the apostles and elders decide as to the Gentiles keeping the law? The following grades were made on these questions; 98, 96, 94, 81, 76. Mr. Kwak who made 100 on the first examination and 93 on the second is a fine Bible student and loves The Book. He recited the entire book of Mathew's gospel last year. He also will get a dollar watch for making the highest grades this year among the lepers. One of the girls who made a hundred gave not only the answer but told the verse and chapter in many cases.

It is a privilege to teach the Bible in the Leper Home where they are so eager to learn. The greatest privilege that can be given a Korean is that of studying and becoming a scholar; 'tis none the less so with the lepers. Many of our lepers come from the beggar class but they are taught from the day of their arrival and very soon learn their letters. As soon as they can read a nice Bible is given them.

The British and Foreign Bible Society was very kind to supply us with nice Bibles for this without cost and has sent us many good books in the past for which we take this occasion to express our thanks.

The 236 lepers are divided into 29 Sunday School classes, each with its own leader who is one of the lepers and they are taught not only on Sundays but all through the week.

When Dr. Heiser, of the Rockefeller foundation, was here some time ago, he remarked that our lepers seemed more happy and contented than those in the great Government plant at Culion. He seemed to think it was due to the fact of their having some work to do about the home and not having every whim and wish granted. The great secret, to my mind, is their love for the study of God's Word. The head leper here is a very pious and consecrated man and he has imparted a fine spirit to the rest.

What is the secret for the greatest happiness? Many people think it is wealth. Some think position. Few women ever had high position, wealth, beauty and possessions equal to those of the late Czarina of Russia. Her husband was the richest man in the world. Was she happy and where is all her wealth today?

How good it is to see these lepers, though possessing the greatest of all diseases, happy, smiling and ready to laugh at most any thing said to them. The study of the Bible is the secret. Would that more of us could get over our great rush and take more time for the study of God's Word. There would be more true happiness and less of wars, sin, evil and hatred.

## Shocks and Shock Absorbers, II.

By W. P. PARKER.

In the course of time I acquired some use of the language, and gave my first sermon in Korean. Well, I had to memorize it, and I gave it off like a parrot, but I had gone over it till I was sure my pronunciation was perfect, and felt sure that I was giving the people something worth while. Well, when I got half-way through my audience was sleepy, and my words began to drag perhaps. I finished in some way. An old brother about sixty came up.

"Thank you," said he, "thank you very much. You worked very hard. But we don't understand English."

So I concluded that perhaps I had tried to start out too soon, and went to work on "Ka, Kya," the syllabary, again, till my brain became weakened and my dreams became clouded with the continual monotonous drawl as I studied, and sounded, and worked, while my teacher calmly slept. If I waked him up, he told me I was making fine progress. However, my attempts at talking had to be translated by him always. I would get off a long sentence, tell some heathen coolie he was lost, and then my teacher would break in.

"What he means to tell you is this, and this, and this," he would say, and add a little of his

own that I did *not* mean to say, sometimes.

"But why don't you let me tell him? I am talking Korean."

"Oh, he isn't used to a foreigner and can't understand."

"Don't I speak correctly?"

"Yes, oh, yes, but he isn't a servant and hasn't worked for a missionary. He's just a coolie; just a poor ignorant coolie, you see."

So I would try someone with silk togs, and big beads of amber, a teacher perhaps, and think surely the learned could understand, but my teacher would always hit in. They seemed to expect it, and when I got through they would always turn to him for an explanation.

The first time I preached I took it alone, but when I went to the country a little later, my teacher accompanied me, and he stuck so fast to me that I could not shake him off had I tried. He evidently thought I was unsafe and not to be trusted. I proposed a little trip alone; he was horrified. Every night we had services, and good crowds out. I would discourse, and I worked hard on those sermons, at least on the first one. Well, I kept the people an hour or so, and prepared to dismiss the meeting. My teacher rose.



"We've heard many good words from the Moksa," said he, "but—." And he went off on a discourse of his own in explanation of mine, which kept the people another hour. The second night I gave another hour myself—the same explanation followed. By the fourth night I gave in. If he was going to preach, I would listen. However, this did not suit him: I must bring a message, he only explained.

"But," I said, "What is the use if they do not understand?"

"Oh" said he, "they don't mind. They are very patient. Some can sleep and all can rest here. And besides, they want a word from you, it does them good."

I had began to notice a trait in my teacher that looked like obstinacy; he argued till he got his own way, and I got used to giving in to things that were really not vital. And I began to wonder whether I knew anything at all or not. Speaking of obstinacy, I began to think that my teacher might not be alone in this. I had a cook. He used to serve me very good meals, but rarely what I ordered. Sometimes I became tired of the same old thing served up. He made me a certain kind of pudding that I had grown to dislike because of its frequency, so at last I simply refused to eat it. The next day it came back, I again refused. Well, the short of it was that he kept bringing the same pudding back for every meal. At last, the fifteenth time he brought it in, he said, "Don't you want this?"

"Why," said I, "it's pretty rare and I know you have worked your head thinking up something new, but I guess I won't take any. In fact I hate the sight of it."

I don't know that he saw the point even then, but the pudding did disappear. His soups were another source of discomfort—not that they were positively bad, but they always *tasted* the same. If we had chicken soup, he put a little chicken in, and all the other ingredients he could lay his hand on: celery, tomatos, turnips, carrots, pork, beans, peas, cabbage and what not; if we had celery soup,

he put in celery, it is true, but he also added everything else he could find; tomato soup also contained tomatos, and celery, and chicken, and pork, and everything else. I said:

"What kind of soup is this we have to-day?"

"Oh, that's clam soup."

"Well, I don't like clam soup every day. We had it yesterday."

"Oh, no, we had tomato soup yesterday."

"Ah, so, I see. The taste is the same. Very strange. Did you feed these clams on tomatos?"

It was hard to make him see the point, but I was desperate. One time he brought on the same old soup once too often—even though I had used all the sarcasm at my command. I called him in: "Say," said I, "you see this stuff?" Yes, he saw it. "Do you think if you fed it to our cat that she would die?" I thought that hit him, but his reply was in anything but a hurt tone of voice.

"Oh, no," said he, "I have tried her on it before."

Sarcasm didn't work, commands didn't work my refusal to eat didn't work, so I tried threats to discharge if he didn't do better. That really grieved him considerably. "Why," he said, "if I should leave, who would take care of you?" I didn't tell him that if he only did leave I wouldn't need any taking care of; I wanted to, but it seemed too cruel. He really did like me, and his thoughts were very foreign to mine. I used to wonder how the clock-works inside of his head ran, I am sure all the cogs went around backwards. I was on the point of making a remark to this effect one day after I had gone into long, unnecessary explanations, which still had failed to work, when he up and spoke his thought. "Moksa, why is it that you always do things just backwards? If you would only do them the right way I would have no trouble, at all."

Well, you see they have had a lifetime of it, and I had only just begun. And after all, who can say which is the forward end in the East?

# Enjoying Life While Itinerating.

By CORWIN TAYLOR.

Dr Henry Van Dyke reminds us in one of his essays that the object of a journey is not only to reach a destination but to find enjoyment by the way. The itinerant missionary does well to bear this in mind, for oft-times the way is long and the hills steep, and the food box is nearly empty or a coolie has dropped it in the creek or what not; its destination is not reached so there is nothing to do but make the best of it and try to be happy.

The best advice I can give to one who travels in Korea on a motorcycle is to leave his nerves at home, if he wishes to enjoy any peace of mind at all, for the most aggravating things can happen and the most hair-raising experiences can be met with in a few miles of travel. For example about seven people out of ten when they hear you coming will immediately attempt to cross the road, no matter which side they are on and not infrequently when there are people on, both sides of the road the result reminds one of prison base or some such game. This crossing the road would not be so bad if it ended there but a considerable portion of those who have made a safe crossing conclude that they have made a mistake and try to get back where they started from.

The man going to market with his cow load of beans or rice, stops at the wayside inn for a drink and a smoke while his humble beast of burden plods along unattended, until he hears a disconcerting noise that reminds him that a selfgoing machine is near at hand, and he puts forth a noble effort that would win a hundred yard dash under any ordinary circumstances with the result that he is generally in time to see which way the cow has gone and where his bags of beans or rice have fallen off. Another man with a cow does not stop for the drink or smoke but keeps hold of the long rope which is fastened to the wooden ring in the cow's nose, he gets along all right unless he and his cow think differently and in that case

we have, under ordinary circumstances, the amusing spectacle of a man on one side of road and a cow on the other engaged in a pulling contest about the time the missionary crosses the tape. On a frequently travelled road one learns where the dogs are that can run well and I have in mind some that will always run at the side of the machine and for two hundred yards can put up a 25 mile per hour race. To have a dog cross your right of way just as you arrive at a given spot is rather dangerous, but a dog will seldom try it the second time.

Some of the amusing things that have helped to balance up the trying ones are heard from the lips of the bystander when one stops for a few minutes on the road, and to the remarks made by these interesting but uneducated people I will devote myself for the rest of this article.

"Well! well! what kind of a thing is this? This is the first time I have ever seen one." "And me too, why it looks something like a bicycle, but it has three wheels, and a bicycle does not have a boat tied alongside of it. Say there is a place inside it to light a fire, just feel of that. But how does he start the fire?" Then as gasoline is being poured into the tank. "Say, look at that machine drinking water, it takes as much as a cow." "Well you do know a lot, that is not water at all but grease he is pouring in, that machine has to have grease to eat." "Say, you fellows are certainly passing a good examination for a high grade of intelligence, that fellow is pouring kerosene into the boiler of the funny little wagon." Then one who has been to the capital city perhaps or has at least seen a "jitney" says "Now look here, you country fellows, of course you dont know what he is putting into that tank, for it is a special preparation from the United States and is called gehas (gas)" and that of course settles the matter for that time, and that village, but at the next place it all has to be gone over again.



A little fun is afforded occasionally when some-over curious observer is induced to take a close look at the horn, imagining it to be a telescope or some other instrument to look with, when a sudden push downward on the squeaker produces a delightful yell and jump that is worth a good deal. The lamp with its mirror reflector is always interesting, some inquisitive one gazes at it for a while and looks a question at another who is equally interested or "Well what do you make it out to be?" "Why I think may be it is the thing that he makes that horrible noise with that nearly scared me out of my wits." "No, I think you are wrong for if you look in here you can see yourself, so this must be the machine that he takes the pictures with." Some think the machine cost as much as a cow and some even hazard the guess that it cost 100 yen; the comparisons made between the automobile and the motor-

cycle are usually favorable to the motorcycle.

"Say, honorable Sir, how many people will your little wagon hold, and how much do you charge for hauling a fellow ten li? Can't you give us ten sen worth of ride on it?" "This foreigner is a strange man, he runs the machine and yet he goes third class, the tandem seat must be the second class seat, and the little boat on the side is the first class of course."

These and many more strike the ear every day always descending and never ending like the cataract of Lodore. These quaint expressions put a smile in place of the frown and increase the stock of patience that is liable to run low, so that we can deal more leniently with the next fellow that changes his mind in the middle of the road or with the dog or cow that have no mind to change.

## Things Korean.

By F. S. MILLER, Chungju.

### DRUGGIST CHO'S WORK.

"Tell me about your trip to Seoul" Cho said to his friend, Kim, the druggist of the county-seat of Koksan about twenty years ago. "I wanted some quinine and the only way to be sure of getting the pure drug is to buy it of Won Moksa (Dr. Underwood). He sells it because it gives him a chance to preach his Jesus Doctrine to those who come to buy."

"After he had sold me the quinine he asked me to buy some tracts. I felt ashamed not to do so after he had accommodated me so I took four or five, but you can be sure that was the last of them." "Where are they?" "Up there on the shelf somewhere, you are welcome to them."

Cho took them home and read them carefully. He was one of those men we too seldom meet who are hungering after righteousness. He had tried Confucianism, Buddhism and Romanism and had found peace in

none of them. But the more he read these books the more he became convinced that this was the truth he was seeking. After he had accepted salvation and found the joy and peace for which he had sought so long, of course he could not keep from telling all about him of his experience. Spoken words were too easily forgotten, Cho longed for books to send out to his friends but it was five days' journey to the capital. So he copied pages from his books and passed them around among the mountaineers who came to his shop to sell the drugs they had gathered. Through these efforts five groups were started, some of which have since developed into prosperous churches.

### A RACE WITH A FUNERAL.

Just as a missionary pushed his wheel to the top of a slope he saw, across the ricefields, a funeral coming along a branch road. The hearse, gaudily painted in red and green, was borne on the shoulders of a dozen men.

Before it were carried the banners and after it followed the mourner dressed in sackcloth and about thirty of his friends.

The missionary saw that if they reached the junction before he did, he would have a hard time to get by and he would be apt to interfere with the proper quiet of the funeral, so he resolved to speed up and reach it first. As soon as the party saw him they passed on the word and started on a full run to reach the junction in time to see the wheel pass. Whether overcome with curiosity or forced by

the necessity of keeping up with the bier, the mourner forgot his solemn stride and ran along with the others. Probably it was lack of breath that made him leave off his wailing.

So good was their speed that they reached the junction at the same time as the wheel. As they set down the bier and gathered round the bicycle, the missionary felt that it was not his fault that the funeral was interfered with so he passed around a good supply of tracts on: "The Way of Life." Even the mourner took one.

## Correspondence.

DEAR MR. DECAMP:—

In the January number of THE KOREA MISSION FIELD you express wonder that the Koreans never learned to use cow's milk. We also wondered at this when we first came to Korea and asked our language teacher about it.

He said that according to ancient Korean law only kings' children could be fed milk. It was forbidden common babies lest it develop them into too strong men and women. If a family was discovered feeding cow's or goat's milk to a child they were in danger of being accused of yok-jok (treason), and if only the baby lost its life they came off easily.

Ask a Korean why it is that, although their ancestors had unusual skill along many artistic lines, that now all arts seem lost arts, and he will tell you that aforetime, if any man possessed, in any way, unusual skill in any art, he was captured, imprisoned and enslaved by some yang-ban (gentleman) and compelled to practice his skill for the yangban's financial benefit. The result was that the artist was not over ambitious to pass on his skill to his son, nor were the youths round about covetous of his position. Thus art was killed out of the land.

Yours sincerely,  
F. S. MILLER,  
Chungju, Korea.

DEAR MR. DECAMP:—

In response to the request that I would suggest a few simple remedies that ought to be carried by every travelling Missionary I have prepared the following list:—

Boric Acid Ointment—for burns and as an Antiseptic.

Chloride Lime Tablets; for Water Disinfection.

Laxative Pills—preferably Aloin Compound.

Aspirin Tablets.

Quinine Capsules 2 gr.

Common Salt—useful for making Eye Water, Gargle, Tooth wash, Antiseptic Solution; will stop bleeding, also relieve indigestion.

Absorbent Cotton.

Bandage Material.

Pair of Scissors.

Adhesive Plaster.

Toothache Gum.

Tr. Iodine.

Tr. Ginger.

Tr. Camphor Co. (Paregoric).

The above are all simple remedies; and they are safe for anyone to use. With the hope that the above information may result in relieving many a Missionary, at a time when a Doctor is not available, I gladly offer this bit to the columns of THE KOREA MISSION FIELD.

Sincerely yours,  
E. D. COOK.



## Notes and Personals.

At Ponca, Nebraska, a son, Nathan Chambers, was born on December 16th, to Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Lampe of Syen Chun, Chosen.

To the Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Ross, a daughter, Ethel Jean, was born at Songjin on January 15.

To Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Scheifley a son, was born on January 27th.

The Rev. and Mrs. D. M. Lyall of the Australian Presbyterian Mission have returned to Chosen after a furlough in Australia.

The Rev. L. L. Young of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission was operated on in Severance Hospital, Seoul, on January 26th, for appendicitis and is doing well.

Mrs. F. G. Vesey of the Southern Methodist Mission was operated on in the Severance Hospital on February 6, and is doing well.

The Rev. and Mrs. N. C. Whittemore and son of the Presbyterian Mission, North, have returned to Chosen after a furlough spent in the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Venable of the Southern Presbyterian Mission wish to thank their friends for their sympathy and prayers during Mrs. Venable's illness. She is now quite restored to health. They acquiesce with the deepest regret in the Board's decision not to return them to Korea as the Board believes it unwise to subject Mrs. Venable's health again to the strain of service on the mission field. Their address is:—40½ Merrimon Avenue, Asheville, N. C.

Dr. J. H. Wells, for many years a member of the Presbyterian Mission, North, has been appointed Examining Physician and Judge of Questionnaires for the Local Division No. 2 of Portland, Oregon. Dr. and Mrs. Wells are doing their "bit" for Korea and foreign missions by giving addresses on the work in this land.

Rev. Edward H. Miller of Seoul, Korea, who has been home on furlough, has accepted temporarily the position of teacher of chemistry in the junior college of the High School in Santa Barbara. This has been necessitated by Mrs. Miller's health. It is hoped that in the Santa Barbara climate she will soon be so much improved that they can return to Korea.

Our Editor-in-Chief, the Rev. A. F. DeCamp, celebrated his seventieth birthday on the ninth of February. His associates on the Editorial Board offer him their heartiest congratulations.

The Australian Presbyterian Mission staff has been strengthened by the addition of Dr. Jean Davies, sister of Miss Margaret Davies of Fusanchin, who goes to Chinju, and Miss Muriel Withers who is assigned to Kuchang.

It is with profound regret that we learn of the death of Mrs. J. S. Whitney, the mother of the late Rev. D. L. Gifford. She spent three years in Korea—1899 to 1902—during which time she took an active interest in the work of the Presbyterian Mission, North, and for some time acted as its Treasurer. In her home in Philadelphia she was ever ready to welcome missionaries from Korea and her interest in the work was intense to the end. We extend our deepest sympathy to her husband.

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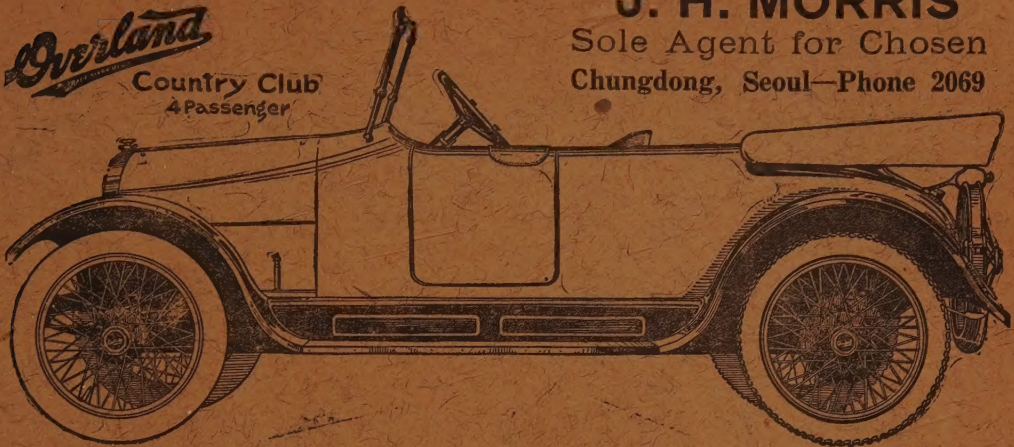
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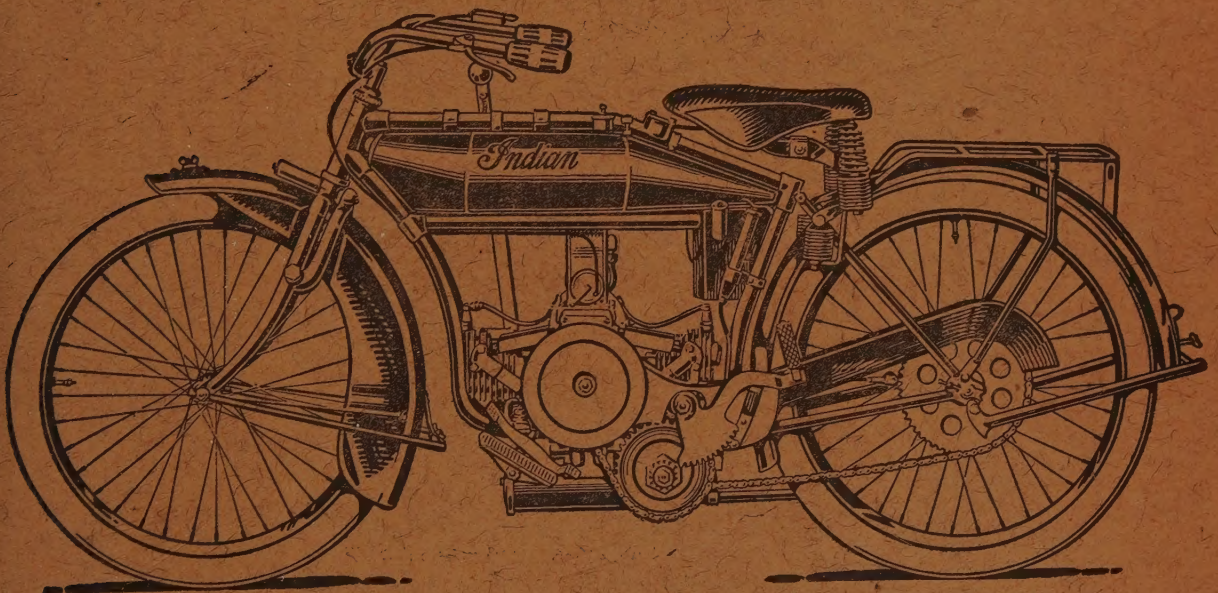
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Contributions for the Society's work may be sent to the Secretary in Seoul, Korea, or to the Secretaries, 146 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C., 4.